POEMS

—

AUGUSTA E. STETSON

POEMS

WRITTEN ON THE JOURNEY
FROM SENSE TO SOUL

BY

AUGUSTA E. STETSON, C.S.D.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

FOURTH EDITION

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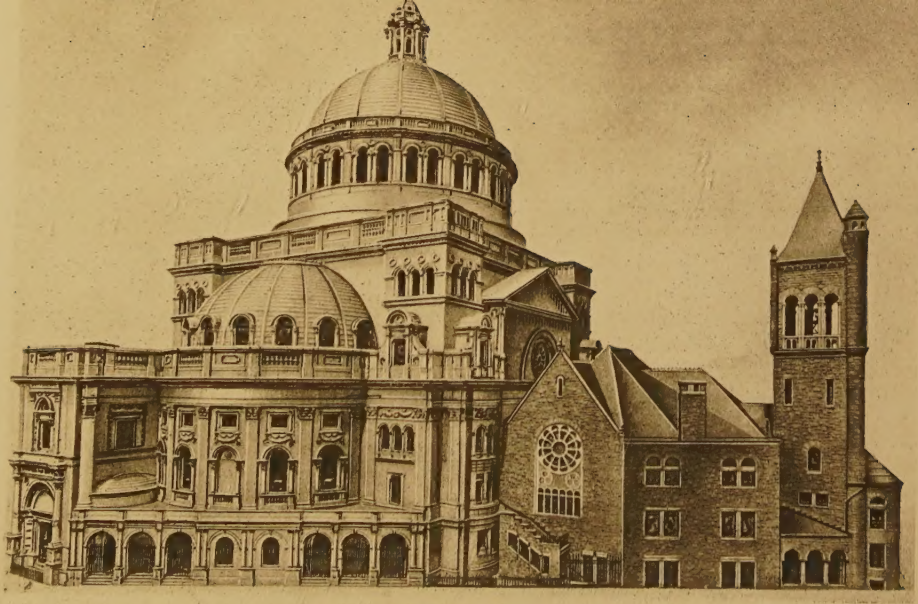
THESE POEMS I DEDICATE

TO

The Reverend Mary Baker Eddy

AS A STUDENT TO THE TEACHER,
AS A FOLLOWER TO THE LEADER,
AS A CHILD TO THE MOTHER.



The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass
The Mother Church and its Extension

LOVE LEADS US ON,
UNTIL NIGHT BE GONE,
AND WE WAKE IN THE MORNING LIGHT;
LOVE'S VOICE OF CHEER,
HUSHES EVERY FEAR,
AND HER FACE IS REVEALED TO SIGHT.

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POEMS

BY

AUGUSTA E. STETSON, C.S.D.

The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass.
The Mother Church of Christian Science.

Sing the Song of Gladness

OUR PRAYER IN STONE

Written at the completion of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass., 1894.

CHILDREN of the Blessed,
Sing the song of gladness!
Ring the loud hosannas! Christ to earth
again is come.
Raise the voice to praise him!
Bid the world adore him!
While we follow listening to the voice
that calls us home.

Has the path been thorny?
Roses, with their fragrance
Cheered us, as we followed in "*the way*"
our Saviour led.

When we, Israel's children,
Hungered in the desert,
How the hand of Love supplied the
ever-living bread!

When athirst and weary,
Faint and heavy laden,
Following through the wilderness of sin
and sense, our Guide,
Then we heard the summons,
Falter not, but come ye!
Drink the ever-living waters, which in
me abide!

Bread of Life to strengthen;
Waters to refresh us,
Flowing ever freely from the ever-living
Fount.
Mother-love to counsel,
Mother-voice to cheer us,

Mother-smile to beckon from the valley
to the Mount.

Could we fail or falter,
While the loving Saviour
Every want supplied, and every tear-
drop wiped away,
Every murmur silenced,
Every shadow lessened
With the power of Love divine, revealing
God's bright day?

As we catch bright glimpses
Of the Eternal Real,
As we lose the echo of sorrow, sin, and
care—
Brighter gleams God's glory.
Chant again the story!
Christ is come to human ken, his temple
to prepare.

Sing for joy ye ransomed!
"Prayer in stone" appearing
Bids us trim our lamps, and wait the
Bridegroom's midnight call.
Sing, for Christ is with us!
Israel's Shepherd leads us!
Love is come to reign forever, crown
Her Lord of all!

Communion

Communion service at The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass., June 7, 1895.

'TWAS Sabbath morn. The city lay
In the embrace of dawn, which,
As it blended with approaching day,
Revealed cathedral dome, and lofty spire
Of many a church, where people congregate
To worship God. At length,
Its radiance rested on a temple, made
Of stone, symmetrical and white,
Which towered in silent speech and
Voiceless prayer, piercing the sky; as if
To point beyond the finite view,

And lead the worn and weary unto
Christ.
The joyous birds joined in the silent
anthem,
"God is good;"[1]
And whispering leaves were hushed,
As if in prayer,
And as the dewdrop
Glistened on the lily's breast;
And flashed its varied hues, it voiced the
message
"God is good."
The crystal waters,
Touched by hand unseen, sparkled
From lake and fount, and
Pure and smiling, turned their faces
fair
For Love's impress, and murmured,

[1] *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, by Mary Baker Eddy.

"God is Love."
Eternity's great organ seemed to
wake
The world to prayer and praise.
Anon, upon the breath of morn, were
borne
Sweet silvery chimes, floating on
Pulseless air, like voice from
Mother-heart, calling to children dear,
And tremulous with love and blessings,
Prayed the Shepherd, Christ, to show
Her how to go across the hillside's
Steep and rugged way,
And safely lead his sheep.
Well the disciples knew the
Voice, calling to feast of
Love, and thronged the temple door,
Eager for Word of God, and Christ,—
the bread.
The thirsty pressed for drink

From "little book" the key to
Heavenly wealth,—God's Holy Word,
Revealing Truth and Love,—hid since
The world began, but now illumed
Through "Science and Health."
As deep within the heart was heard
The promise, "Whoso eateth of this
Bread, shall hunger not, nor shall
They thirst again, who drink
My blood," a peace descended, and the
Singers rose and gave to listening worshippers
The chant,—"The righteous shall go in."
A holy hush bade human sense
"Be still," and Christ was felt,
Sweeping with touch divine across the
Harp of thousand strings, attuning
To Life and Love.
Then rose the Readers, calm and strong

In Christ, and prayerful, trusting
God to feed His people in green
Pastures, and to lead beside still
Waters, through the Comforter and
Word.
To hearts attuned to Love, this
Holy hour seemed like the gate of
Heaven, which, ajar, disclosed
The smile of Christ, calling in
Tender accents, "Come to me."
Bowed in humble prayer, pros-
trate
Before the Christ, and listening
For his voice, a heavenly benediction
Fell upon the heart, and tearful
Gratitude went up to God for
Her who gave to all the Guide
To Life divine,—who clasps again
The sinner's hand—who turns
The straying footsteps to the

Light, and leads once more the
Way to God, as did the Christ of yore.
Communing thus, a sacred
Presence filled the place, and
Heavenly messengers brought
Peace and hope to struggling pilgrims,
Kneeling there for bread,
And waters pure, from Spirit fount.
Love rose to temple dome,
And filled each humble heart
With incense from God's altar.

. . . . . .

And the song was heard again,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Sung by unseen choirs there,
As they knelt in silent prayer.
'Twas as if the chord of love,
Swept by Master hand above,
Thrilled the meek and lowly heart,
Bidding care and fear depart.

Then was caught the low refrain,
"I am with you once again,"
I have given the bread and wine,
I am Christ, and ye are mine.
Hush! within this holy place,
Love false concepts will efface;
Turn ye all from gold and dross,
Gaze upon the radiant cross!
Holy Spirit, break the bread,
Till each hungry heart be fed!
Drink the wine, so freely poured
By the "Comforter," adored!
Then, with power of love, reveal
How the Christ the sick doth heal!
Hear the Saviour bid you go
Out into a world of woe,
Loving all, as I love you,
Each the healing work will do,
And, forgetting harsh offense,
Yield to Love in penitence.

Then will love for God and man,
Light the earth with rainbow span.

. . . . . .

The faithful rose to follow Christ's
Command, to heal the sick and sinful,
and
To overcome the sense of self and sin.

The Dove and the Star

AS the sunset crimson faded
Into amber hues one day,
And the gathering twilight deepened
Till it merged in sombre grey;
While I lingered in the gloaming,
From my heart went up a prayer,
And I lost the sense of shadows,
As I bowed in silence there.

Soon I felt a tender presence
Touching me with influence mild,
And a white-winged dove descended,
Cooing softly, Peace, my child.
While I wondered what the meaning
Of this dove, with wings unfurled,
Once again I heard its message,
Rise above this sin-bound world!

Rise and soar on Hope's bright pinions!
Tarry not in shadows dim!
Preen your wings of aspiration!
Chant Love's holy vesper hymn!
See! Upon the blue empyrean
Shines the star of faith's clear light,
Beckoning with its twinkling radiance,
To a world more fair and bright.

Look again! Behold Hope's star-beam
Brightly flashing in the blue,
While the star of Love appearing,
Speaks of heavenly joys to you.
Constellations gild the heavens,
Brilliantly they flash afar,
Breathing words of holy promise
In the language of the star.

Thus the dove soared just beyond me,
Beating with its wings the air,

Leading me to heights celestial,
And I followed gladly there;
Till I learned the lesson taught me
By the dove and star that night,
And the darkness of the gloaming
Fled, before the diamond light.

Thus we wander in the twilight
Of this mortal life, and fear,
Till the dove of Peace descending,
Guides us to the glad Soul sphere.
There the light dispels the shadows;
Glorious beams of Truth appear,
And the raptured vision shows us
God, and man, and heaven are here.

The Everlasting Arms

ON the bosom of Love we are resting,
Love's arm doth our being enfold,
And the heart of Omnipotence pulsates
To measures of Love untold.
Thus we dwell in divine Everpresence,
Our Father and Mother God,
We walk with the saints in glory,
And tread where our Master trod.

As we rest in the Mother-love, holy,
As we list to the Mother-voice, sweet,
We hear the chant of the angels
Who traverse the unseen street.
And listening, we lose the echo
Of sorrow, and sin, and sense,
Till the clouds become thin and thinner,
That conceal the vast immense.

And oft as we patiently linger,
And pray for spiritual sight,
A rift in the cloud discloses
A world of wondrous light.
They are faint, faint glimpses only,
And though mists soon hide the gold,
That rift reveals marvellous beauty,
Of Life, Love and Truth, untold.

The eyes that behold this vision,
Seen through the matter veil,
Are steadily fixed on the real,
Till spiritual sight shall prevail;
And bursting the clouds, disclose heaven,
The haven of rest long sought,
The refuge for earth's weary wanderers,
Whom Love to their home has brought.

Thus Love leads us out from the shadows,
And Love breaks the bondage of fear,
And Love is the kingdom of heaven,
And heaven is always here.
Hence we live in divine Everpresence,
We move to the rhythm of Mind,
And losing the false and the finite,
Our heaven on earth we find.

Praise to God

PRAISE to God that we are restless,
Till we find our rest in Him;
Praise to God, our cup is empty,
Till He fills it to the brim.
Praise to God that we are sightless,
Till He lights our pathway dim;
And our eyes behold the Saviour,
And our glad lips welcome him.

Precious Saviour, thou who gavest
Us the Comforter and Guide,
Thou whose book unlocked Truth's treasures,
In whose light we now abide,—
Draw us nearer, lift us higher,
To the stature of God's man,
Let thy holy love, reflected,
Light us with its rainbow span.

Restless waves upon Time's ocean
Christ once calmed, with "Peace be still!"
When sense struggled, strong his pleading,—
Not mine, Father, but Thy will.
Earth-bound mortals felt the presence
Of the Christ—of Love and Life;
Felt the peace, the rest, the gladness,
Lost the sense of sin and strife.

Once again, as he has promised,
Comes the Christ to call his own;
Once again his sweet voice pleadeth,
"Follow me," in loving tone.
Hear ye him, again repeating,
Come to me, Oh! come and see
Bread of heaven, living waters,
Ready, ever waiting thee.

Hear him to the troubled senses
Speak again, the "Peace be still!"
See the multitudes assemble,
That his love their hearts may fill.
See the sinner and the sufferer,
Pressing to the Saviour's feet;
See the Word dispelling sorrow;
See, and seek Christ's blest retreat.

Sing the song of joy and gladness!
Ring it out o'er hill and vale!
Shout aloud the glad hosanna:
Truth forever shall prevail!
Christ is come, let error vanish,
Sin and sorrow, pain and fears;
Earth will soon be filled with glory,
Christ, our Lord, again appears.

Children, Have Ye Any Meat?

—Christ Jesus.

THE voice of the Master was heard
by the men,
As he spoke from the shore, on the
morning, when
He found them weary, yet toiling on
With their nets, by the morning dawn.
Cast your nets on the other side!
How the sweet voice echoed over the
tide!
How their faith and love arose once
more,
As they filled their nets, and pulled for
shore!
As they saw the fire of coals, they said:
His love has prepared the fish and bread.

Oh! the blessed Master taught them there,
To leave their nets and forsake their care,
And prove the power of the Word.
The gentle voice of Love divine
Called to his children, "Come and dine!"
The feast he prepared was at their feet,
But they made no move to come and eat.

They knew it was Jesus whom they saw,
And their hearts were filled with love and awe.
Then his mighty love appeared again;
He took the bread and gave to them,
And also the fishes he passed to eat,
As they knelt there at the Master's feet.

To-day he speaks to his followers few:
Are *you* feeding my lambs as I fed you,
Are you showing your love by breaking
the bread,
By healing the sick and raising the
dead?
Lovest thou me? then feed my sheep,
And God who works with you, His pro-
mise will keep,
The blinded eyes will waken to see
That error had bound them;
That Truth has set free.
The prodigal, feeding on husks, will arise,
As over the sea the Master cries,
Have ye aught to eat, my children dear,
Why toil all night in doubt and fear?
Cast your net on the other side,
And in my promise, safe abide;
Then draw it in, and you shall find
The riches deep of Truth, or Mind.

Christ's wondrous power is *a* mine of
wealth,
He gives us love, and joy and health.
He fed the lambs on the mountain
steep;
Go *thou* and feed his wandering sheep.
He went on the mountain and called
them in,
From the hill of vice, and the valley of
sin.
Go *thou* far out on the mountain steep,
And shepherd, and feed his beloved
sheep.

Flee as a Bird

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.—Isaiah lv., 9.

FLEE as a bird, from the snare of the fowler!
Flee to your mountain, ye faithful ones, flee;
Preening your wings, soar beyond earth's illusions,
Wing your flight far above sin's surging sea!

Losing the sound of time's turbulent billows,
Lashed into discord by sorrow and fear;

Flee as a Bird

Flee from the snare of the merciless
fowler,
Rise till the heights of your mountain
appear!

Fold not your wings, till you see the sure
haven,
Rest not on hill top, contented to stay;
Faint, yet pursuing, press onward and
upward,
Love goes before you, illuming the way.

Soon you will lose in Love's rarified
ether,
Memory of fowler, and arrow and
snare;
Thoughts which are mortal will fade as
the dewdrop,
Under the sunlight of God's loving
care.

Soon will the power of divine Ever-
presence
Wing every thought to your con-
sciousness born;
Error will vanish like mist on the
mountain,
Gone like a dream when you wake in
the morn.

Then in the light of Mind's radiant
effulgence,
Gilding the mountain, our wings we
may fold,
While Love's potent pinions impel us
forever,
As infinite glories we raptured behold.

Love's Rod and Love's Staff

THOU wouldst not be God, if my
prayer were not heard,
For Thou know'st how my human with
anguish is stirred,
How my heart crieth out for Thy love
and Thy grace,
As, through tears, I look up to behold
Thy dear face.

. . . . . .

Thy smile dawns upon me, like soft
summer rain
Upon the parched flow'ret, reviving again;
Or, like evening vespers when twilight
appears,
To whisper Love's presence and dis-
sipate fears.

Down the vista of years I gaze, till I pray
For Thy power to sustain me with grace
for to-day.
Then earth's hopes and earth's idols,
earth's cross and earth's care,
Flee like phantoms before the sweet
pressure of prayer.

Oh! travail and anguish that rend our
flesh veil!
O dear Christ, whose power doth ever
prevail!
Oh! eye of the Mother-love, ear of Most
High,
That hears the lone mountain lamb's
piteous cry.

The heat of the furnace has melted the
gold
Which awaits the impress of the Fash-
ioner's mould;

Oh! soon may the gold lose its seeming,
and fade,
Till His glorified substance my being
pervade.

Now, Spirit, or Truth, I perceive Thine
idea,
The perfect reflection of Love doth
appear,
The image long looked for, and long
vainly sought,
Appears, Love's true likeness, by God's
wisdom wrought.

And now I respond to omnipotent Love
The deluge is over, returned is the dove.
The face of the Father I ever behold,
As His perfect ideas forever unfold.

Homeward

Arise, and let us go again to our own people, and to the land of our nativity, from the oppressing sword.—Jeremiah xlvi., 16.

ARISE! let us stand in the strength
of our God!
Let us slumber no more in the dream;
Let us go to our people, the home of our
birth,
Our heavenly dominion redeem!

Let us dare to resist all attacks of the foe,
With our weapon of warfare—the
Word!
Till the enemy falters and falls at our feet,
With his broken, defeated sword.

Oh! great is our God, He delivers His own,
He carries the lambs in His arms,

He tenderly shields them and guides and supports,
Oh! His mighty love, error disarms.

He turns back the tide, that else might submerge,
He speaks to the raging waves, "Peace;"
His voice you may hear, if you list to His call,
And your sorrow and sighing will cease.

Arise, then, ye prostrate! no longer bow down
To idols of matter, or gold!
Arise in the strength of your Christ, and return
To your people, your Shepherd, and fold!

Love Watches Over All

I GAZED upon a sin-bound world,
By fear and care oppressed,
Asleep in error's thrall.
I asked, "What meaneth this?"
I heard, "God is Omnipotent;
This is a dream,—it is not real,
Love watches over all."

The soft voice spake so tenderly,
It seemed so near to me,
And like an angel's call,
I listened, till I heard again,
"God is Omnipotent,—this is a dream,
Love watches over all."

And then I heard the brooklet sing,
And birds in matin song,

Chant, "Ne'er did sparrow fall
Without its Father's notice, for
Love watches over all,
Love watches over all."

I saw the lily droop her head,
Beneath the sultry heat
Of noonday Sol;
A raindrop fell with cooling kiss,
And whispered, "Love hath sent you this,
Love watches over all."

I saw strong manhood yield to fears,
And age o'ercome with many years,
And heard them cry, "I fall."
And then I heard the voice again,
Like angels, in one grand amen,—
"Love watches over all."

Thus bird and lily, youth and age,
Once blind in error's thrall,
Awake to Truth, and losing self,
See Christ, and sing the joyous song—
"Love watches over all!
Love watches over all!"

Friend, Go Up Higher

—Christ Jesus. Luke xiv., 10.

OH Wanderer in the valley of matter and of sin!
Hearest thou the loving message: Belovèd, enter in?
The call is now and ever, Come unto me and rest,
From sorrow, sin, and sickness—oh, listen and be blest.

This valley is enveloped with shadows, weird and dim;
And they who tread its mazes, see never aught of him

Who walked the vale of error, and
climbed the mountain height,
And showed the world the pathway from
darkness unto light.

He knew Causation—Principle, ac-
knowledged Christ, not creed;
He proved the power of Truth or Mind,
and they who run may read;
He trod upon the serpents, they
straightway lost their sting;
He touched the sense of blindness, the
light came flooding in.

He spake to sense of deafness, it van-
ished at the call;
The helpless and the sorrowing, his ten-
der love healed all;

The Word of Life so potent, the Master understood;
The power of Love so mighty, he knew was ever Good.

He calleth, Come ye weary, and cast your burden down;
Oh! turn from sense and matter, resplendent shines the crown.
The Truth is ever with you, it frees the fettered sense,
Why tarry in the valley, whose shadows are so dense?

This valley is illusion, the Adam-dream of sin,
Belief of life in matter, which mortals linger in.

To-day the Christ is calling, Go higher, friend, go on
Above the foul miasma of sin, and sense, and wrong.

Above the sense of evil, rise higher, day by day;
Pursuing, ever following, the voice of God obey;
Till far above the echo of sorrow, sin, and care,
You see no valley shadows, no error clouds you there.

. . . . . .

Have you struggled in the valley, and felt its sting and pain,
Have you longed to leave behind you its sorrowful refrain,

Friend, Go Up Higher

Have you heard the voice, "Go higher,"
and could not find the way,
Did clouds shut in, and hide the mount,
did error lead astray?

Oh! list, the sweet voice soundeth yet,
Son, daughter, follow me!
My loving arms encircle, though my
face you may not see!
The Christ is ever calling, Fear not, dear
one, but find
Beyond the vale of matter, the mountain
bright of Mind.

Lead us to the Infinite

DEAR Saviour, lead us to the Infinite,
And lift us up with thy dear love, to Life!
O Christ of God hear, while we whisper it,
The Word destroys all sickness, sin, and strife.

We dimly see our Father's guiding thought,
And Mother-love with heavenly healing fraught.
We know Thy voice, it counsels, cheers, and chides,
And Mother-love for every want provides.

O Parent arms, encircling each dear
child;
O voice so tender, loving, sweet, and
mild;
O palpitating presence of the law
Of Life, and Love, and Truth, which
sense ne'er saw.
We hear Thy Word, its power sets us
free;
Thy love shall lead us, till we wake with
Thee.

Thou art not Far from the Kingdom

The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.
—Christ Jesus.

(*Watchman*)

THOU art not far from the Kingdom,
Not far from thy heavenly Home;
Why runnest thou hither and thither,
Why longer continue to roam?

(*Traveller*)

Oh! where is this Kingdom of Heaven
Oh, where is this blest abode?
I have lingered so long in the shadows,
I fear I have lost the road.

Can you, who have heard the Master,
And followed the voice of Love,
Till it led you out of the darkness,
Lead me to the realms above?

(*Watchman*)

We can show you the Chart, dear seeker,
And point to His Word so true;
We can lovingly walk beside you,
But the work is for each to do.

(*Traveller*)

But how may I find the true path,
For I must no longer stray;
If I am so near to His Kingdom,
Why may I not see it to-day?
If *you* have discerned the morning,
That dawns for the faithful here,

Do not let *me* stray in the gloaming,
Till its light shall disappear.

(*Watchman*)

The "little book" is the Leader,
Its Author opened the seals
Of the Word of God, and unfolded,
The mystery Love reveals.

(*Traveller*)

And what is the name of the volume,
Possessing such wondrous power,
A comforter sure it must be,
A strength in each darksome hour.

(*Watchman*)

The Comforter we have proved it,
It calls to His children—Come in!
It opens the gates of Heaven,
And shuts them on sickness and sin.

Right here is the heavenly Kingdom;
You may clasp the Father's hand;
Here is Mother, and Home, and Heaven,
And here is the angel band.
Oh, searcher for heavenly riches,
Would you know this mine of wealth,
Do you long for the Key to the Kingdom?
You will find it in "Science and Health."

Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, by Mary Baker Eddy.

Message

Verses by a Student sent with roses on Christmas Day.

THY Christmas tree hangs heavy laden
With gifts far more precious than gold;
Aye, even with good deeds resplendent,
Whose numbers will never be told.
How blessed to know that thy mission
Is to minister daily, to those
Who, in the swift march of existence,
Sink down 'neath the weight of their woes.
Full many a faint, weary flower
Hath been with new vigor supplied,
Which, but for thy sweet ministration,
Might long since have faded and died.

Message

I never have sought thee, and found thee
Too busy to lend me thine ear;
Or, to beam with a sweet smile of welcome,
Which could not but fill me with cheer.
These flowers, so seemingly fragile,
Are yet burden-bearers for me;
Consenting to carry a message
Of love, from thy student to thee.

D. F.

New York City,
Christmas, 1899.

5

Reply to the Christmas Poem

YES, my Christmas tree hangs heavy laden
With treasures more precious than gold;
And the angels unite in my vespers,
As I ponder their value untold.

Its branches are weighted with pure thoughts,
Which I hung one by one on Life's tree;
Till the sunshine of love-light revealèd
These jewels of Spirit to me.

It is blessed to know that our Saviour
Has called me to gather his own;
To watch, and to guide, and present them
Each a perfect, a tried living stone.

As I, faint and weary, have listened
For the Shepherd's voice, far on the height,
I have heard the lone mountain lamb bleating,
And have tarried to give it Love's light.

I have oft heard the voice of the Master,
Calling, "Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep,"
And I quickened my earnest endeavor
Up the mountain path, rugged and steep.

Not the wealth of the Indies, if offered,
Could purchase one jewel from me,
Which I found in the rough, and have polished
Till its prism hues flash from my tree.

There is one minor chord in my anthem,
But which Love is attuning each day,
As I think of the gems that have fallen,
Ere Love's minstrel had finished her lay.

Yes, my Christmas tree *is* heavy laden,
But its branches are mighty to hold
Every gem, which the dear Love has given,
Every wanderer once in my fold.

. . . . . .

The flowers so pure and so fragrant,
Brought quickly your message to me,
And I forward my love, on the wings of a dove,
My dear faithful student, to thee.

December 27, 1899.

Letter to Our Beloved Leader from Her Lambkins

Reply to the beautiful poem, written by Mary Baker G. Eddy to the Sunday School Children of First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York, N. Y. (*The Christian Science Journal*, May, 1899.)

JESUS loves you, so do we,
Little children though we be.
Little hearts that Mother-love
In your bosom broods above;

Little feet that you have led,
In the paths of love to tread;
Little ones whom you have taught,
How the deeds of Christ were wrought.

Little eyes that beamed with bliss,
When dear Mother sent us this—

Sweetest poem ever read,
'Tis a table for us spread.

Little ears, will learn to list
For your loving voice, we wist,
And will follow all the Way
Mother's footsteps, day by day.

Know we well who gave us Mother;
Taught us all to love each other;
And the love we send to-day,
God's dear love, is yours alway.

April, 1899.

Stand Firm

He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

—Christ Jesus.

DARE to stand forth in the strength
of his promise!
Wield the sword fearlessly, whet with
his love;
Dare to tread firmly on serpents and
scorpions!
"They shall not sting you," resounds
from above.

Christ bids you rise to your conscious
dominion;
Life calls to action, obey Truth's
behest;

Love's constant whisper is, "Man is
immortal,"
Dear one, press on to the realms of the
blest!

Sweeter than lullabies, sung by the
mother;
Clearer than ocean's roar, heard in the
shell;
Softer than zephyrs, the voice of the
Father—
"Child I am with thee, fear not, all is
well."

Then let us dare to stand, firm as an
anvil,
Holding the banner of Science, our
King;
Ever rejoicing that Love is the victor,
As daily our sheaves to the Master we
bring!

"Love one another." Oh! hark to his pleading.
Follow, and bring in my lambs as they roam.
Love goes before you, dispelling the shadows;
List to the mountain horn calling you home.

. . . . . .

Then following our Leader, our love-crownèd Leader,
Who guides us so safely through matter's dark vale,
Let us watch for Love's hand, as we climb Mind's bright mountain,
Nor lay down the sword till its summit we scale!

To My Dear Students and Church Members

"FEAR not, little flock, 'tis your Father's good pleasure,
To give you the kingdom," the robe and the ring.
Fear not the mad foe, who beholding your triumph,
Pursues to destroy with the merciless sting.

Take heart, the avenger cannot overthrow you;
The Cause is the Lord's, and the victory sure;

Press on in the race for immortal dominion,
Nor turn back to idols—resist and endure.

Then raise high the standard of Truth, as you follow
Your Shepherd, who leads to life's pastures immense;
He folds, and protects from the wolf, and the prowler,
Who lure to o'erthrow in the valley of sense.

Awake to your birthright! And, guided by wisdom,
Communing with Spirit, the quickening dove,

You will soar, as a bird, beyond each
sin-barbed arrow,
And rest, safe in joyous omnipotent
Love.

Dove of Peace

Written after reading the poem entitled, "Signs of the Heart," by Mary Baker G. Eddy. (*The Christian Science Journal*, July, 1899.)

O DOVE of the white wings,
Soaring so near;
O sign of the great Heart
Which banishes fear;
O Love, which is Infinite,
Seal us thine own;
And lead us to worship
The Father alone!

O Heart of the Motherhood,
Brooding above,
Soft voicing Thy message
Through Love's chosen love,

Hear gratitude voiceless
And prayers without speech,
Which soar like the dove,
Heaven's portals to reach.

Oh! fill us with meekness
To sit at her feet,
Who teaches the pathway
To Love's blest retreat,
Who leads Israel's army
In paths Jesus trod,
The highway of holiness,
Leading to God.

The Sunlight of Love's Presence

IN the secret of Love's presence,
'Neath the covert of Her wings,
While the tempest rages wildly,
And the dove no message brings;
'Mid the thundering of error,
And the lightning flash in sky,
I am waiting in the darkness;—
Watching till the clouds roll by.

Faintly gleams the light through shadows;
Rifts within the clouds appear;
While the lull of angry tempest
Falls upon the listening ear.
Soon the sunburst of Love's presence,
Radiant, joy inspiring, strong,

Fills the heart with bliss and beauty,
Wakes the Jubilate song.

Dreams and shadows flit and vanish,
Mortal concepts fade apace;
Earth is filled with light and glory;
Everywhere God's smile we trace.
Could we see through Spirit's concept,
Could we hear through Spirit's sense.
There would be no angry tempest;
There would be no shadows dense.

Through the wilderness we journey,
Meeting fears, a spectral band;
And like children, faint with terror,
Cry, "O Father, take my hand!"
Close the dear Love ever hovers,
Never absent—ever near,—
Hears our call, and folds, and soothes us,
Wipes away each falling tear.

Can we falter,—can we ever
Fear to meet earth's phantoms grim,
Since with tender care God watches
Over all who trust in Him?
Joys immortal are our birthright;
Life eternal spans our sky;
Love is victor; Truth has triumphed;
Clouds and tempests have rolled by.

6

When Love Doth Guide

Reply to a poem entitled, "Satisfied," written by Mary Baker G. Eddy. (*The Christian Science Journal*, February, 1900.)

WHEN Love doth guide,
And we abide
In Her, our Life,
The dove of peace,
Brings quick release,
From sin and strife.

Alone with God
Our Master trod
Gethsemane;
Nor turned awhile,
To gain the smile
Of Pharisee.

Shall we forsooth,
Forsake our Truth,
When foes appear?
God mighty is,
And we are His;
Love has no fear.

Love, like the light,
Puts hate to flight,
And envy's darts;
She wings Her own,
Doth joy enthrone
In humble hearts.

The Nazarene
Of humble mien,
Won victory's crown;
Love's labors blest,
He found sweet rest
Beyond hate's frown.

Love's welcome voice,
(Her holy choice)
Bids mortals rise
From sin's dark night
To see the light
Of Paradise.

All praise to God,
For her who trod
The wine-press, lone;
Whose cup of woe
Did overflow
Sin to atone.

Let anthems tell,
Let chimes of bell
Proclaim the Bride!
Love, robed in light,
Is radiant, white,
And "satisfied."

January 25, 1900.

The Dawning Day

DEAR Love, as we near Thee, how thin seems the cloud
Which hides from our vision Thy face, like a shroud!
In Thy light we see light; in Thy love and grace,
Heaven's portals swing open, we see face to face.

False concepts no longer form images grim,
Which lure, and deceive, and conceal from us Him
Whose Life is *our* life, and whose likeness we trace
In Love's mirrored love, on humanity's face.

Love dissipates terror, and bids phantoms flee;
She calls to earth's wanderers, "Love careth for thee."
She sings Her sweet lullaby, "Mother is near,
Now rest on my bosom, there is nothing to fear."

O heart of the Mother-love, God with us here,
Our pæans of gratitude rise, full and clear.
For Thy chosen Way-shower, holy and true,
Who leads past the hill-crest, till heaven we view.

Woleewin

Name of a cottage on an island off the coast of Maine.

WOLEEWIN! Woleewin! O haven of rest,
Thy manifold beauties can not be expressed;
Thy sheltering protection from tumult and care,
Thy peaceful seclusion inviting to prayer.
Thy bulwarks, resisting the storm-crested wave,
Thy towering beacon, alluring to save;
Thine arms, ever open, thy smile, ever sweet,
Woleewin, Woleewin, O peaceful retreat.

When weary contending with sense and
with sin,
The heart sighs for respite, for heaven
within,—
When the human cries out for the rest
and the goal,
When the sea surges over the struggling
soul,—
When the carnal opposes the Christ, till
we pray
That earth's night may give place to
God's radiant day,—
Then Woleewin! Woleewin! thy silence
and peace
Invite to communion, and bid tumult
cease.

As thine arms enfold all who enter thy
door,

May they lose the last echo of error's
mad roar;
May they look through thy windows,
and gazing afar,
Catch a glimpse of the *real* in the type of
a star,
Till the spiritual sense shall roll back the
cloud,
The flesh-veiled vision which hangs like
a shroud;
And Love shall reveal God's world to
their view,
Dear Woleewin, sweet haven, adieu,
adieu!

Could Ye not Watch?

Could ye not watch with me one hour?
—Christ Jesus.

BRAVE wrestler for the prize of Life eternal,
Treading alone earth's rugged paths to light,
Art thou so weary of thy self-denials,
So tired of thy crosses and thy trials?
List! to the voice of Christ across the sea,
Can'st thou not watch one hour more with me?

Can'st thou not suffer, calm in tribulation,
Knowing that Christ himself before thee goes,

Leading thee to thy heavenly habitation,
Beyond this storm-tossed dream of pain and woes?

O soldier, sleep not on thy sword, but watch thee
One little hour, until thy Christ appears;
And the "Well done; ye faithful, blessed are ye
Who steadfast onward press"—shall hush thy fears.

There is no royal road to heavenly treasure;
The pathway does not lead through human pride;
But meekness, faith, and love, must fill the measure
We humbly offer to the Glorified.

O patient watcher with thy heavenly Leader,
One little hour longer pray and wait!—
And thou shalt find the meek and earnest pleader,
Faith crowned, triumphant, opens heaven's gate.

Spiritual Senses

THERE'S an eye beyond the human,
That beholdeth only good,
That sees God's vast creation
And man's real brotherhood;
That looks on things supernal,
Rejoicing in the light
Which revealeth perfect Wisdom,
Omnipotence and might.

There's an ear beyond the finite,
Which hears only words of peace,
Which lists to sweetest harmonies
That never, never cease;
Which hears the constant melody
Of soul-reviving Life,
And nothing knows of finite sense,
Of sin and human strife.

There's a sense that tastes the real,
And sees that God is good;
Whose delights are rare unfoldings
Of the blessed Fatherhood;
Whose silent speech, the thought of God,
Expressed in His idea,
Has sweetest taste of Life and Love,
And never taste of fear.

There's a Power, a mighty Presence,
Which sustains immortal man,
Which he feels is Life eternal,
For he knows man ne'er began.
Forever with the Father,
He feeleth joy and rest,
Unfoldeth, as the lily
On the water's peaceful breast.

There's a sense beyond the finite,
Which inhales God's atmosphere,

And smells the sweet aroma
  Of Love's flowers ever near;
Which wanders in His garden,
  Drinking in the perfumes rare,
And nothing knows of planting,
  Of watering, nor of care.

Thus seeing, hearing, taste, and smell,
  And feeling, are divine;
And prayers, like censers' perfumes rise,
  "O Father, we are Thine."
Then, turning from the mortal,
  And gazing on the goal,
We lose our finite sense of self,
  And find our sense in Soul.

The Birdie's Greeting to Our Leader

Verses sent with caged canary to Mrs. Eddy.

IF a little bird may say
What is in his heart to-day,
I would say, "A song of glee
Motherhood of God for thee."

If you ask, "Why come you here?"
I will say, "Your home to cheer,
Life, Love, Truth, the whole day long
Is the burden of my song."

At the early morning dawn
I will sing, "Our Christ is born."
And when dawn fades from our sight,
I will sing, "Let there be light."

As the light appears to men
I will sing, "Amen! Amen!"
When the full-orbed sun appears—
I will sing, "Love cheers! Love cheers!"

And as love appears to me
I will sing, "Truth sets me free!"
Loud I'll sing, "God is the power
Moving me from hour to hour."

If you ask, "Who told you so?"
I will sing, "You know, you know,
Who has taught the world to see
God's idea, in man and me.

"Turned us from the finite sense
To the Infinite immense,
From the human flesh-veiled view
To the spiritual and true."

I will sing a tend'rer song
And its glad refrain prolong,
I will trill, Life, Truth and Love,
Echoing the choirs above.

As the sun sinks in the West
I will sing, "Beloved, rest."
When the twilight hour draws near
I will softly sing, "Good cheer."

And when shadows chase the light
I will sing, "There is no night,"
Then will darkness flee away
As I sing, "Behold God's day."

If I listen, I shall hear,
"Birdie, you are God's idea,
Sent to chant your merry lay
Lovingly to cheer my way."

. . . . . .

Then how blithely I will sing
Praises to our Saviour King,
Join with you the matin song,
Sing with you the whole day long—
"God is Love and God is good,
Birdie, and God's Motherhood."
Hymn of gratitude repeat
As I rest in Love's retreat.

A Tribute

of

Love and Gratitude

To Our

Leader and Teacher

The Reverend

Mary Baker Eddy

Discoverer and Founder of

Christian Science

and Author

of its Text Book

Science and Health

With Key to the

Scriptures

Inscription on First Church of Christ Scientist, New York City.

First Church of Christ Scientist, New York City.

Harvest Song

Written during the erection of First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City, 1903.

SING a psalm of victory,
Children of the King!
Let your harvest home-song
Strengthen upward wing!

Sing, till mount and valley
Echo gladsome strain!
Till earth's weary wanderers
Sound the grand refrain!

Sing a sweeter, stronger
Hymn, of Love's great power!
Ring out glad hosannas
In this triumph hour!

4.677

Tell in song the story,—
Christ has come, to bring
Life to sin-blind mortals,
Health to wounded wing!

Church of Christ uprising,
Silent voice of Love,
Steadfast, calm, majestic,
Type of Church above!

Sing ye true and faithful,
Valiant, brave, and strong!
Ring the chimes from tower,
Hymns of praise prolong!

Love's sweet harvest home-song
Vintage bells resound;
God is in His temple,
And His own are crowned.

The Father's Voice

O'ER the billowy waves of fear
Hark! the Father's voice I hear.
Child of my most tender care,
Fear no foe, no earthly snare,
I am all in all to thee,
Truth and Love hath made thee free.

O'er the sobbing sea of woe
Comes a voice, so sweet and low,
All is joy and rest and peace,
Let thy weary yearning cease,
Dry thine eyes, thou art not sad,
Truth and Love hath made thee glad.

In the grass, the flower, the tree,
Speaks the Father's voice to me.

I am Thy eternal wealth,
I am Thy eternal health,
Thou art rich for thou art Mine,
And the whole of heaven is thine.

Can God Furnish a Table in the Wilderness?

Thanksgiving Day

TO Thy table richly laden,
Mother mine,
I have heard the invitation,
Come and dine!
Feed Thou my immortal cravings,
Father mine,
Break for me the bread of heaven,
Love divine.
Let Thy substance full and deep,
O'er my famished heart-strings sweep,
Till my hunger Thou dost feed
With the living bread I need.

From Thy table richly laden,
Mother mine,
With th' eternal bread of God
And royal wine,
Let me look to Thee alone,
Give me bread, remove the stone,
Thus by Thee, O Father, fed,
Give me ever substance-bread.

Living, pure, reviving waters,
Mother mine,
Flow from Thee, Thou Source immortal,
Mind divine,
Can I thirst when Thou art near,
Can I hunger, can I fear?
No! I find my all in Thee,
And Thy love hath made me free.

So I, joyous, daily journey,
On the Way,
Watch, and work, and wait, and sing,
And love and pray,
By Thine affluence daily fed,
By Thy love-light ever led,
I shall safe in Love abide,
Rest in Thee—be satisfied.

Light The Torch[1]

Christian Science lights the torch of spiritual understanding.—Mary Baker Eddy.

SHEPHERD, hear my pleading prayer,
Father, take my hand,
Light the torch, and lead the way
Through time's desert land.

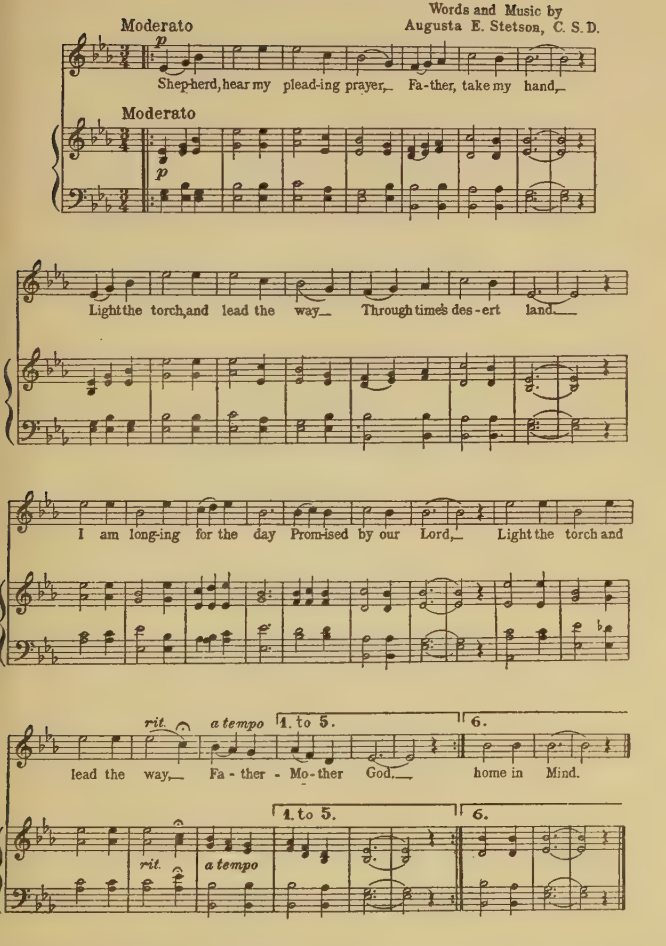
I am longing for the day
Promised by our Lord,
Light the torch and lead the way,
Father-Mother God.

Guide me, Saviour, lest I stray,
Firmly clasp my hand,

[1] Music composed by the author and published by G. Schirmer, New York.

Light the Torch

Words and Music by
Augusta E. Stetson, C. S. D.


Moderato
p
Shep-herd, hear my plead-ing prayer, Fa-ther, take my hand,
Moderato
p
Light the torch, and lead the way Through time's des-ert land.
I am long-ing for the day Prom-ised by our Lord, Light the torch and
rit.
a tempo
1. to 5.
6.
lead the way, Fa - ther - Mo-ther God, home in Mind.
1. to 5.
6.
rit.
a tempo

Published by G. Schirmer, New York

Light the Torch

Light the torch and lead the way,
All my steps command.

Dear Christ, thou my strength, and stay,
Thou my joy, my song:
Light the path and lead the way,
Through time's phantom throng.

Thus I fearless walk, and pray,
Father, guard Thy child,
Light the torch and lead the way
Through the tempest wild.

Father—Mother—Love divine,
Life in Thee I find;
Light the path and lead the way
To my home in Mind.

Divine Guidance

Oh! Parent arms encircle me to-day,
And draw me closer, as I trust and pray.

I CANNOT lose the way,
If Thou dost guide.
I cannot stray nor fail,
Whate'er betide.
Oh! Parent arms encircle me to-day,
And draw me closer, as I trust and pray.

In Thy pure light of love
I see Thy man.
Thy mirrored image,
Perfect, real, I scan.
The earth-mists vanish,
Love reveals Her smile,
And gently whispers,
"Bide with me awhile."

Yes, gentle Presence, Love,
We linger here,
While shadows vanish
And Thy voice we hear
In tender tones,
And tremulous and true,
"This is My image
Face to face with you.

"This is My likeness, this
My perfect plan,
My image radiant
In the face of man."
Thus face to face with Love,
The Life, the Way,
Earth's night gives place
To Love's eternal day.

Garnering

Whose fan is in his hand, and he will throughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner.—Matthew iii., 12.

OH! wheat of God,
Who spurn time's sod,
And rend the finite sense;
Who fearless, dare
On wings of prayer,
To leave earth's shadows dense.

Oh! wheat of God,
Whose feet have trod
Time's arid desert sand;
Whose quest for Love,
The heavenly dove,
God's peace and power command.

Oh! wheat of God,
Thrust out from clod
And earth-weights, rise and soar
To heights sublime,
Where Love's bells chime
Love's endless more and more.

Oh! wheat of God,
The chastening rod
Of Love, consumes the tares.
Love's hand hath led,
Love's love hath fed
God's wheat, with ceaseless prayers.

Love's chosen love,
Love's white-winged dove,
Has garnered in Her wheat;
Has scaled Mind's mount;
Has drunk at fount
Of Spirit infinite.

Oh! wheat of God,
The Master trod
This finite dream of woe.
Our Leader drank
His cup, nor shrank
From test of cruel foe.

Oh! wheat of God,
Wield Love's strong rod
Which frees earth's mental slave.
God gives you might
To prove the right—
Gives victory to the brave.

Intrepid band,
You understand
Your Source—eternal Life.
Obey His Son,
The Holy One
Who stills all human strife.

Oh! wheat of God,
Kiss ye Love's rod,
Rejoice ye dauntless, sing;
Love's voice obey,
She leads the way,
To Christ, our Lord and King.

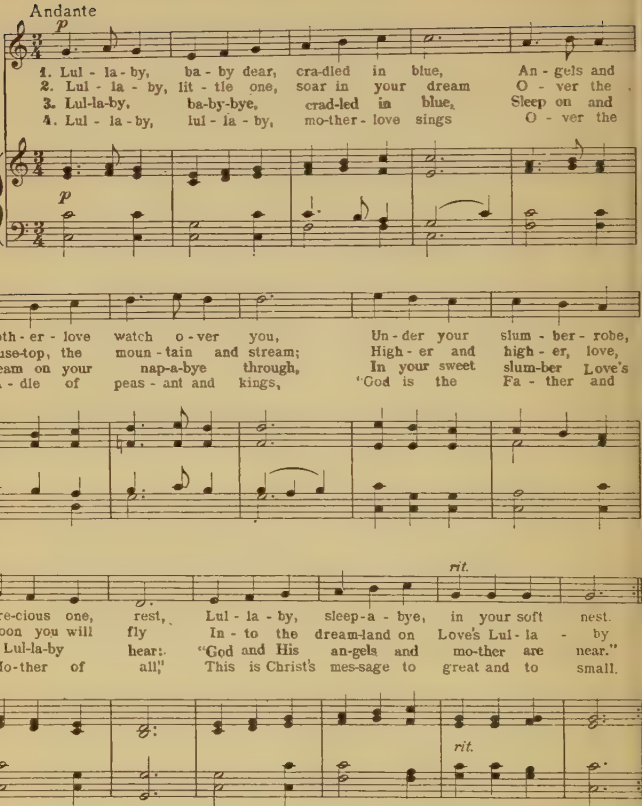
Love's Lullaby[1]

LULLABY, baby dear, cradled in blue,
Angels and mother-love watch over you,
Under your slumber robe, precious one, rest,
Lullaby, sleep-a-bye, in your soft nest.

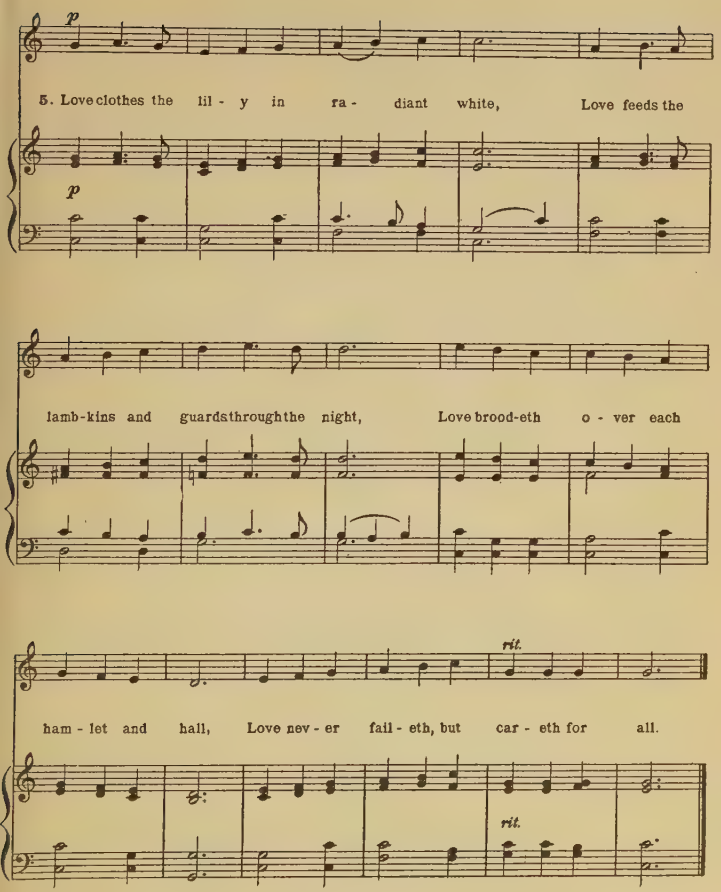
Lullaby, little one, soar in your dream
Over the housetop, the mountain and stream;
Higher and higher, love, soon you will fly
Into the dreamland on Love's Lullaby.

[1] Music composed by the author and published by G. Schirmer, New York.

Love's Lullaby


Andante
p
1. Lul - la - by, ba - by dear, cra-dled in blue, An - gels and
2. Lul - la - by, lit - tle one, soar in your dream O - ver the
3. Lul-la-by, ba-by-bye, crad-led in blue, Sleep on and
4. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, mo-ther - love sings O - ver the
moth - er - love watch o - ver you, Un - der your slum - ber - robe,
house-top, the moun - tain and stream; High - er and high - er, love,
dream on your nap-a-bye through, In your sweet slum-ber Love's
cra - die of peas - ant and kings, "God is the Fa - ther and
rit.
pre-cious one, rest, Lul - la - by, sleep-a - bye, in your soft nest.
soon you will fly In - to the dream-land on Love's Lul - la - by
Lul-la-by hear: "God and His an-gels and mo-ther are near."
Mo-ther of all," This is Christ's mes-sage to great and to small.
rit.

Published by G. Schirmer, New York


p
5. Love clothes the lil - y in ra - diant white, Love feeds the
p
lamb-kins and guards through the night, Love brood-eth o - ver each
rit.
ham - let and hall, Love nev - er fail - eth, but car - eth for all.
rit.

Lullaby, baby-bye, cradled in blue,
Sleep on and dream on your nap-a-bye through;
In your sweet slumber Love's Lullaby hear;
"God and His angels and mother are near."

. . . . . .

Lullaby, lullaby, mother-love sings
Over the cradle of peasant and kings,
"God is the Father and Mother of all,"
This is Christ's message to great and to small.

Love clothes the lily in radiant white,
Love feeds the lambkins and guards through the night,
Love broodeth over each hamlet and hall,
Love never faileth, but careth for all.

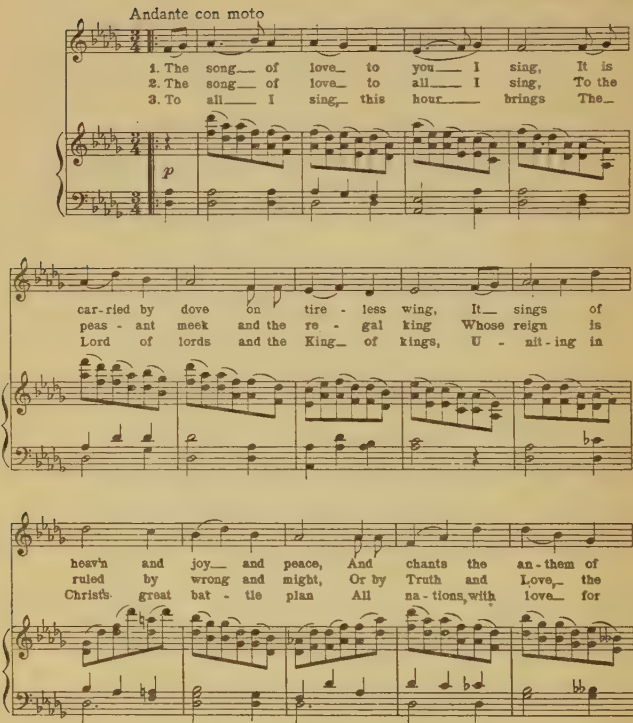
The Song of Love[1]

THE song of love to you I sing,
It is carried by dove on tireless wing,
It sings of heav'n and joy and peace,
And chants the anthem of war's release.
It is borne on the breath of the angel choir,
It is heard in the echo of harp and lyre;
It is love, not human but divine,
Which Love is winging from me to mine.

The song of love to all I sing,
To the peasant meek and the regal king

[1] Music composed by the author and published by G. Schirmer, New York.

The Song of Love

Words and Music by
Augusta E. Stetson C. S. D.

Andante con moto
1. The song of love to you I sing, It is
2. The song of love to all I sing, To the
3. To all I sing, this hour brings The
p
car-ried by dove on tire-less wing, It sings of
peas-ant meek and the re-gal king Whose reign is
Lord of lords and the King of kings, U-nit-ing in
heav'n and joy and peace, And chants the an-them of
ruled by wrong and might, Or by Truth and Love, the
Christs great bat-tle plan All na-tions with love for

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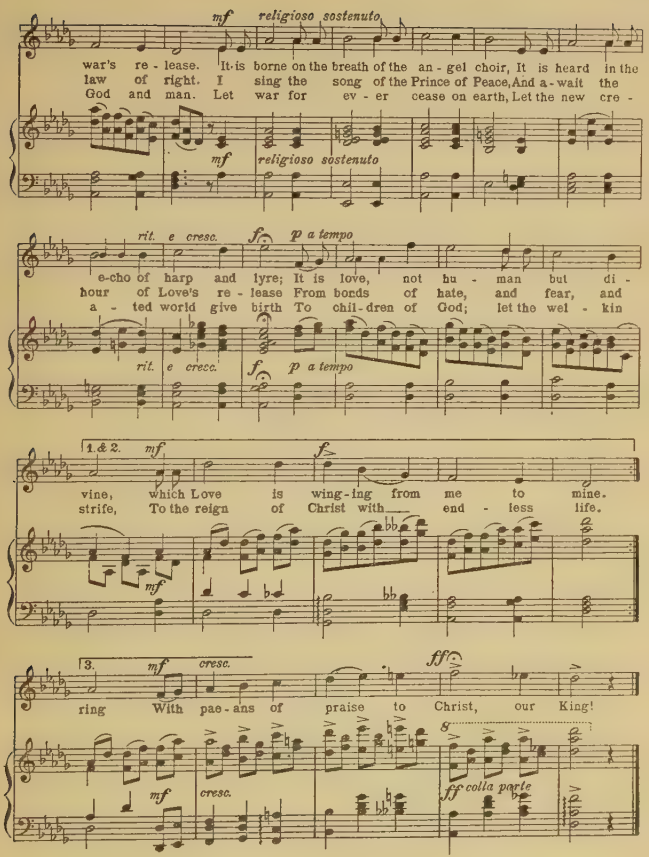
mf religioso sostenuto
war's re - lease. It is borne on the breath of the an - gel choir, It is heard in the
law of right. I sing the song of the Prince of Peace, And a - wait the
God and man. Let war for ev - er cease on earth, Let the new cre -
mf religioso sostenuto
rit. e cresc. f p a tempo
e-cho of harp and lyre; It is love, not bu - man but di -
hour of Love's re - lease From bonds of hate, and fear, and
a - ted world give birth To chil - dren of God; let the wel - kin
rit. e cresc. f p a tempo
1 & 2. mf f
vine, which Love is wing - ing from me to mine.
strife, To the reign of Christ with end - less life.
mf
3. mf cresc. ff
ring With pae - ans of praise to Christ, our King!
8
mf cresc.
ff colla parte

Whose reign is ruled by wrong and
might,
Or by Truth and Love, the law of
right.
I sing the song of the Prince of Peace,
And await the hour of Love's release
From bonds of hate, and fear, and
strife,
To the reign of Christ with endless life.

To all I sing, this hour brings
The Lord of lords and the King of
kings,
Uniting in Christ's great battle plan
All nations, with love for God and man.
Let war forever cease on earth,
Let the new created world give birth
To children of God; let the welkin ring
With pæans of praise to Christ, our
King!

Verses

TAKEN FROM POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH

Retrospection

Written in Bombay, India, in early youth.

SITTING and musing alone to-night,
While the moonbeams reflect their shimmering light,
And the waters below, in silver sheen,
Like the streets of our heavenly home, I ween;
While the twinkling stars, with their radiance bright,
Talk of angel forms in the world of light,—
I dream, and the waters whispering low,
Tell of childhood, and friends of long ago.
I yield me to memory, and once more tread
Those childhood paths, which with joy I sped,

And I sit again on my father's knee,
And list to the tales he told to me.
I gaze on his face, so young and fair,
And can see no trace of age or care;
So I sit as a child, on my father's knee,
And list to his loving words to me.
Dear mother appears,—what word so
sweet;
Again as of yore, I kneel at her feet,
And learn from her lips the words of
Truth,
As she taught me of God, through child-
hood and youth.

I hear her speak in her gentle tone,
Of our dear Redeemer, who trod alone
The winepress, and suffered to set men
free
From sin, and from death in Gethse-
mane.

I am clasped to her heart, as in youth, she pressed
Her little one to her loving breast;
And I feel her heart with joy beat wild;
As she hopes, and prays, for her darling child.
Then I pass my hand through her rich brown hair,
But can see no thread of silver there.
And so to-night as a child, I rest
In a beautiful dream, on my mother's breast.

. . . . . .

The dream is o'er, I wake from the past,
Too bright, too beautiful far to last;
My heart is sad, and I hush a sigh,
As my thoughts to my distant parents fly.
Oh! deep in my soul lies a fervent prayer
Of thanks to God, for His tender care,

For my parents, spared to me so long,
Till I chose the right, and shunned the wrong.
My father dear, as I think of thee,
Time has furrowed thy cheek I see;
Thy step is less firm, and thine eye has less light,
But thy heart is as youthful, thy smile is as bright.
And there as in childhood, again I would rest,
On my noble, loving father's breast.
Dear saintly mother has felt Time's hand,
He has touched her lightly with his wand,
And as I look on her beautiful hair,
Some threads of silver I notice there.
But her heart has resisted the storms of time,
And is loving, and brave, as in youthful prime.

If efforts to render me worthy your
care
Are crowned with fruition, in answer to
prayer,
Then I will reward you,—and comfort
always,
And thus my Creator will honor and
praise.
Oh! love is abiding, enduring for aye,
And gratitude wipes every tear-drop
away.
Thus love and deep thankfulness,—
offerings meet,
I lay as a tribute, dear ones, at your
feet.

Psalm of Gratitude

Written during a terrible storm in mid-ocean.

THE roaring winds and the wild dashing waves,
The tempest in all its force,
Appal me not, for above it all,
I can hear my Father's voice.

I list to His words with a calm sweet trust,
For He oft to my heart doth speak;
And I hear Him say, Fear not, I am near
To all who My mercy seek.

Enveloped in clouds, mid fury-lashed
waves,
Which threaten my faith to o'er-
whelm;
The voice of my Father brings courage
and calm,
As with strong hand He steadies the
helm;

In all of the dangers and trials of life,
In sorrow, temptation and pain,
When feeling my weakness, I call upon
Him,
I never implore in vain.

So I'll walk by faith at my Father's side,
As I journey on life's highway;
And looking to Him for strength and
aid,
I shall ne'er from His presence stray.

Home

Written in England.

THERE is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, brighter place than all the rest,
Where loved ones dwell, and in communion sweet,
Spend blissful hours in home's calm retreat.

O home! how glad it lingers on the tongue!
Thy dear delights how often I have sung!
Thy hallowed joys, how often I recall,
And on the page of memory trace them all!

In wandering through this world of joy
and woe,
As they in quick succession come and
go,
May memory often to my dear ones turn,
As home's sweet joys within my
bosom burn!

I see thy sacred walls, and press the hand
Of each loved member of that house-
hold band.
Oh! may I soon return to "Home Sweet
Home,"
Nor long in foreign lands a stranger,
roam.

As pants the thirsty hart for cooling
streams,
Or weary wanderer, in the desert
dreams

Of babbling brooklets, hastening to the sea,
So I, dear home and loved ones, sigh for thee.

. . . . . .

Added in 1901.

O wanderer, longing for thy heavenly home,
Where'er in arid wastes thy footsteps roam;
One "Home, Sweet Home," must ever be thy goal,
The Mother, Home and heavenly rest of Soul.

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